A UNT ROSILLE had just cleared away her breakfast dishes one bright spring morning, when Mis' Dexter dropped in. Mis' Dexter lived in the road towards the village, and as the stage went by her door twice a day, she managed to keep pretty well posted.

It was very warm for the time of year, and Mis' Dexter looked it; her large fat face was redder than ever, and her thin gray hair seemed literally glued to her little round head. Aunt Rosille saw her coming, and

welcomed her heartily; but Mis' Dexter just nodded, and said never a word. She made straight for the big caneseated rocker by the sitting-room window, and as she settled herself comfortably on the soft patchwork cushion, she gave a deep sigh of content.

Aunt Rosille hurried in after her, and handed her the big palm-leaf fan bound round with turkey red. Then she settled herself primly on the my edge of Uncle Jones' rush-bottomed chair, and waited for the news that she felt sure was coming. It must be something out of the ordinary that would so hurry and disturb calm, easy-going Mis' Dexter so early on a spring morn-

Mis' Dexter paused only to get her breath. Then she said, eagerly: "Have you heard the news?" "No; what?" Aunt Rosille leaned

forward expectantly. "Elder Brewster's deed. He died yesterday morning."

"An' what'll become of pore Mis' Brewster an' the children? Where'll "Deacon Foster says he'll let 'em have

the old Cobb place, if the other members 'Il take hold an' help. Seems as if there'd ought to be enough folks who'd put their hands in their poekets. The elder was a general favorite." Mis' Dexter leaned back comfortably and fanned herself slowly two or three times. "An' I came round this mornin' to see what Uncle Jones'll do."

Aunt Rosille's thin brown face looked drawn and anxious, and she began to finger her gingham apron nervously. "I'll do my level best with him, Mis'

Dexter, but you know Anson as well as I do, an' you know he's near. But I'll do my level best with him, an' I'll give suthin' from my egg an' butter money. Aunt Rosille folded her thin, bony hands so tightly that the swollen veins seemed tied in great knots. Mis' Dex-ter's mild, pleasant face looked the sympathy she did not dare express, and she fanned herself vigorously two or three times.

"Yes, I know," she said, softly, "but I guess he'll come round all right. Men folks generally do. Shall I speak to him, or will you—" "Oh, let me," said Aunt Rosille, hur-

riedly. "He might refuse you, an' he's as set as the everlasting hills." After Uncle Jones had eaten a warm

supper and settled himself comfortably by the fire, Aunt Rosille broached the subject. "Mis' Dexter was over this forenoon." Uncle Jones grunted "An' she said Elder Brewster was dead, an' Mis' Brewster an' the children are comin' back here to live. Deacon Foster's goin' to let them have the old Cobb place." Uncle Jones looked intently inter-

ested, but he said never a word. "An' Mis' Dexter wanted to know if we couldn't help 'em a little. All the

members are goin' to give suthin'."
"Well, let 'em," growled out Uncle Jones. "They may if they wanter, but I don't see as I'm called on to pervide." He leaned back with an air as if he ha thoroughly exhausted the subject. Aunt Rosille sighed and kept quiet. She knew better than to argue with

The next morning Uncle Jones was more tactiturn than ever. Aunt Rosille noticed it thankfully. She hoped his conscience was troubling him; but, being a wise woman, she held her peace.

Monday morning Mis' Dexter stopped at the door on her way to the village. "I thought I'd run in a minute an' let you know they're goin' to give. Mis' Brewster a donation party next Thursday evenin', an' you must be sure an

As Aunt Rosille watched her down the road, she made up her mind that something must be done. It was already Monday, and none too early to begin on Uncle Jones if he was going to the party Thursday. He was very fond of warm biscuit, so Aunt Rosille stirred up a batch for his supper, and after Uncle Jones had eaten heartily and seemed at peace with all mankind she began gen-

"Mis' Dexter dropped in a minute this mornin' on her way to the village." Uncle Jones glanced up suspiciously and his dark wrinkled face clouded "She said Mis' Brewster's goin' to have a donation party Thursday night, and they want us to go."

Uncle Jones' face grew darker. He had hoped that the Brewster matter was settled, that it had slipped Aunt Rosille's mind, but he ought to have known her better.

"What shall we carry? I can spare some yarn an' butter, an' can't you let 'em have some flour an' meal, or some pork? Anything'll come handy where there's growin' boys."

Uncle Jones pushed his chair back with such a thud that the very windows rattled. "What's the use talkin', Rosille? You know I don't believe in donation parties, an' I don't believe in givin'. I think it's everyone's duty to look out for himslef. Besides I ain't got nothin' to spare."

He got up and went over to the door. Annt Rosille was "all wrought up," and she followed him closely.

"If you can't spare a little suthin' to the widow an' orphan, you'd ought to

be ashamed of yourself, Anson Jones Tain't as if you hadn't it. You've got it an' to spare. Besides, it's your boun-den duty, an' I don't see how you can

sleep nights till you do!" "Well, when I don't, Rosifle, we'll see." He opened the door and went out to the barn. Aunt Rosille threw her apron over her head, and had a

"real good cry." She had set her heart apon going, and she wanted Uncle Jones to go and give something.

In a few minutes she wiped her eyes and began to clear away the dishes. Aunt Rosille was not one of those who give up easily, and she had by no means given up all hopes of going Thursday. Her mind was busy at work, and she was thinking over what he had said, when a ray of hope illumined her

shrewd brown face. give suthin'. Well, he sha'n't! She

and he always drank all that was left, birds of prey, or the hunter's rifle. The Every night just before going to bed he fox, squirrel, ermine and other creawent into the buttery, ate a little some- tures of their class have dark fur durthing and took a good drink of cold tea. ing the summer to correspond with the Aunt Rosille knew this, and she had rocks among which they live .- N. Y. made up her mind that he should have Ledger.

plenty of tea, and that it should be as strong as it could be made. If that didn't keep him awake nothing would. After the chores had all been done and everything locked up for the night Uncle Jones wound the clock and went into the buttery for something to eat. He looked all around, and finally took

a piece of custard pie and some cold tea. There was an unusual quantity of tea, and it tasted so good that Uncle Jones drank it down to the very last drop. After he had eaten all he wanted he took his candle and went upstairs to bed. Aunt Rosille seemed asleep and he was glad of it. He didn't feel like talking, least of all with Aunt Rosille. His conscience was troubling him. He knew that he ought to do something for Elder Brewster's family, but he hated to; he fairly dreaded to give away the things, and he couldn't bear to give He thought it all over for a long

time; then he tried to put it out of his mind and go to sleep, but he did not feel sleepy. He twisted and turned, but his eves refused to stay shut. He got up the next morning tired and

sleepy. Aunt Rosille did not seem to notice anything, and Uncle Jones felt relieved. He could not get the Brewsters out of his head all day long. They came to him out in the fields, in the barn and even in the garden. Aunt Rosille seemed just the same as ever: she moved round just as briskly, and nothing seemed to weigh on her mind, and she never even mentioned the do-

Tuesday night Uncle Jones prepared to have a good night's rest, but again he felt wakeful. He slipped out of bed and got something to eat, hoping that it would put him to sleep, but it was of

Wednesday morning came. He felt all used up and thoroughly miserable. Finally, as a last resort, he resolved to confide in Aunt Rosille.

"I don't know what's got into me, Rosille," he said, plaintively. "I can't seem to sleep nights. I didn't sleep any last night, or the night before, an' if don't sleep some soon I don't know what'll ever become of me. I wish you'd fix me up some bitters; perhaps I'd feel better. I feel all run down."

"I think it's your conscience, Anson," ut in Aunt Rosille, mildly, "for not elpin' Mas' Brewster. I've heard of ust such cases."

Uncle Jones didn't say a word, but he but the door quickly and went out to he barn. Aunt Rosille went up into he attic and looked over her herbs. the smiled once or twice, and seemed in xcellent spirits. Along in the middle of the afternoon,

he slipped on her things and ran over Mis' Dexter's to talk over the party. Uncle Jones took a good dose of his itters that night, and his spirits rose, or he felt sure that now he should have ome sleep. But no! Along towards corning he woke up Aunt Rosille. "I've stood it just as long as I can; an' I'm afraid I'm goin' to die. I can't seem get any sleep night or day. Nothin' seems to hit my case; an' I can't last long like this." He gave a deep groan. Aunt Rosille smiled to herself in the darkness, but she kept perfectly still. "Ain't you goin' to get up an' git me uthin' to take?" inquired Uncle Jones,

proachfully. Aunt Rosille sat up

traight in the bed. "I don't think I can help you, Anson ledicine won't reach your case. It's ny honest opinion that it's your con-cience troublin' you because you won't o anything for pore Mis' Brewster an be children." She waited a minute ut Uncle Jones was silent. "I think if ou'd make up your mind to do your uty, you'd rest easy nights, an' I don't elieve you ever will till you do." nele Jones groaned. "You wouldn't iss a bag of meal an' a side of pork." ncle Jones gave another groan-even ener that before. 'An' 'twould do sight of good. If you'll make up our mind to do it, ill do my level best y you; but it's my solemn belief you'll ver sleep peaceful again till you do." Uncle Jones was silent, and Aunt esille resolutely lay down. In a few inutes she heard him say, in a feeble

"I'll do anything, Rosille, if you'll nly git up an' help me. I'll even give m a bushel of potatoes."

Aunt Rosille was all attention. "Bedes the meal an' the pork?" "Yes, I'll do even that," said Uncle

ones, desperately. Aunt Rosille got up immediately and cent downstairs. In a few minutes she as back with a cup of hot catnip tea. There, Anson, drink this, It'll do you ood, an' put you to sleep, I'm sure, now our mind's easy.

Uncle Jones drank it to the very last op, and in a few minutes he was peaceally sleeping.

Aunt Rosille lay awake for a long ime, and thought over the donntion arty.-Woman's Journal.

AND SHE NEVER KNEW. A Horrid Man Wanted the Girls to

Tell Her.

There had been several good speakers pefore Miss Susan Bloomfield pulled own her vest, ran a finger around the dge of her collar and advanced to the edge of the platform. She was a large coman, with moles upon her chin and cheeks and a complexion like a piece of oreakfast bacon; but she had a convincng way of shaking the index finger of her right hand, and she was frequenty applauded by her enthusiastic sis-

After she had dwelt at length upon the injustice of depriving women of the privilege of suffrage and had held man up as an interior animal, whose speedy xtermination was all that could pos sibly save the world from going to destruction, she exclaimed:

"And now they want to tell us what ve must wear! (Laughter.) They seek to measure our skirts for us and to dictate the style of our sleeves! (Groans.) shall we submit tamely to this oppression? (Cries of "No, no!") Shall we permit these bipeds, who, according to one of their own number, have descended from monkeys (hilarious shouts) to foist their ideas of beauty upon us? And this brings me to the main point of my argument. What makes woman beautiful? That is the question-what makes her lovely?

it back. Tell her. Don't let her go away by Jno. E. Jackson, druggist, Tazewell, Va. from here without knowing, if you can

He then grabbed his hat and ran, and the meeting broke up in wild confusion. -Cleveland Leader.

The Color of Aretic Animals. Nature is a very considerate and provident protector to her children. In win-"He said if he didn't sleep nights he'd | ter many of the arctic animals become give suthin'. Well, he sha'n't! She shut her thin lips firmly together and loeked all around. No one was in sight.

Lincle Jones was very fond of cold tea, would be an easy mark for beasts and Uncle Jones was very fond of cold tea, would be an easy mark for beasts and

### How To Cure Bilious Colic.

1 suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and and had to take medicine all the while uutil I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. F. Butler, Fairhaven, Conn Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by Jno. E. Jackson, druggist, Tazewell, Va

The residence now occupied by Wm. C. Overt Pendleton and owned by Mr. J. D. Har- Finch rison is for rent, as Mr. Pendleton has Gibso bought him a residence in Tazewell. The Harrisson property is very desirable. Fine Belle water, splendid fruit, large lots and com- Spring fortable house. It is one of the best places in town. Apply for terms either to White Mr. Pendleton or Mr. Harrisson.

#### THE SMALL-POX ROCK.

A Relic of the Days When Inoculation Was Practiced in the Nutmeg State. A party of bicyclists from this place, under the leadership of Charles T. Hunter, while making a run to Hartford hrough Farmington this week, unearthed a curiosity in the shape of a huge flat rock or ledge in the woods, covered with names, ages and dates. None of the dates was later than 1794 The rock is part of the trap formation which crops out of the little mountain to the southeast of Farmington, on the old road running to New Britain. Upon returning Mr. Hunter made inquiries and obtained from an old resident of Southington what is probably the story of the rock.

It appears from the Southington man's tory that a smallpox inoculation hospital, owned jointly by the adjoining owns of Southington and Farmington, stood in the wilderness near the sculpured rock for three years after 1792. The rock was the meeting place for the hospital attendants and the messengers from the two towns. At that time and for years after, until it was forgotten, the lodge was known as the smallpox hospital rock.

Smallpox was held in dread by the old residents of Connecticut, and until Jenner's discovery of vaccination came into general use inoculation was practiced. Hundreds of people were noculated at Southington-Farmington ospital and the names carved on the culptured rock are those of some of hem. There are thought to be hunlreds of these inscriptions, as the surace of the rock has been uncovered for a small area only. The dates run from 1792 to 1794. A bit of an old Farm-inton letter found by Mr. Hunter throws urther light on the old pesthouse times. t says under date of 1794:

"The young girls here are all in the pesthouse. I have been up to see them. They are as thick as toads after rain. Vancy Hooker and Fanny Cowles have t the hardest, but they will do well, I

A story is told of a bride from New Britain, who was sent during her honeymoon to this old pesthouse to have smallpox "according to orders." She vas Mary, the daughter of Col. Gad tanley, a soldier of the revolution, and nd just been married to Oliver Dewey. The young couple had planned a weding trip to North Carolina, which was lorg journey for those days. It ocnight be exposed to the smallpox while raveling, and he insisted upon her gong to the pesthouse on the mountain o take the disease in its mildest form. The bride wept and entreated not to e separated from her husband, and he latter expostulated, but to no avail. The old soldier was determined. To. posthouse she went and after tay of several weeks passed through the disease in safety. Then she went on her wedding journey .- N. Y. Sun.

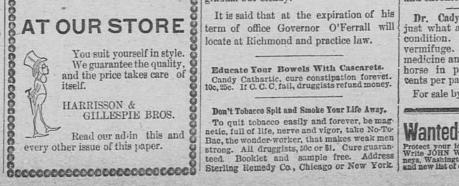
CLEANING THE TREASURY. Work Is Done Daily by a Small Army

of Charwomen. There are something like 11/4 miles f corridors in the great treasury buildng at Washington, with hundreds upon undreds of rooms, large and small. It requires a small army to keep these orridors and rooms clean and in orler. Floors must be scrubbed, carpets wept, baseboards and windows cleaned and the debris of a busy day removed. This work is done by women, who receive a compensation of \$20 a month The duties are laborious, back-breaking, joint-cracking and conducive to rheumatism, yet there is actually as keen and spirited demand for places on the charwomen list by people in that class as there is for clerical positions by people of another class.

It is an interesting sight to watch these scores of charwomen when they report for duty in the afternoon, just before the close of office hours. Accommodations are provided for them ipon a long line of wooden benches the basement of the building. They gather half an hour before the remired time, and find opportunity thereby for gossip. At least that is upposed to be the reason why they ome before their time. Their case is inique in this respect. They are the only employes of the government in Washington who are anxious to get to their offices before the time for gong to work. Their labors are finished two or three hours.

The greater number of these women re past middle life, most of them are fat and the majority have an accent. The little stipend of \$20 a month is the principal support of a family in many cases, and when the poor creatures are discharged it means a great deal to them. It is often said that it is harder for an official to discharge a charwoman than to dispense with the services of a \$1,200 clerk, for in the one case, while he has to stand off a ougressman or a politician, in the other he has to meet the weeping and wail- the curious things that thrive in the rear ing of a poverty-stricken woman, who possesses a wealth of tear-bedewed pleadings that would move a heart of stone to pity.-N. Y. Press.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life by Christmas.-Baltimore American. was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a But at this point a meek-looking man | cough and I was expectorating all the time. who had been listening quietly to the The Remedy cured me, and I want all my roasting of his brothers arose and said: friends when troubled with a cough or cold "Girls, if any of you know, don't keep to use it, for it will do them good." Sold



# A. GOODMAN.

# and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I Foreign and Domestic Liquors and Wines. Pabst Milwaukee Beer.

POCAHONTAS, VA.

DIOL I IOL	Silvovitz 1.00 0.00	
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eymoon Pure Kentucky	New England Rum	Tall Goldon Cherry Throng
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White Rye\$1.50 to 2.00	Piper Heidsick, Grand Sec. 1.75 3.25	Crown Malt Rve Gin 3.
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SOUTED AND DOMESTIC	Werner's Extra Dry	Superior Libraria Chil 1.00

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Our Pet, Pure Rye,

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To Cure Constipation Forever

Don't Sectort Vone Liver.

Liver troubles quickly result in seri

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Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wo

derful medical discovery of the age, pleas ant and refreshing to the taste, act gentle and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels

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across or otherwise trespass on my premises, especially those leased to John and

Cosby Bowman; for the law against all

such will be rigidly enforced. WM. G. W. IAEGER.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Tetter, Salt-Rheum and Eczema.

The intense itching and smarting, inci-

lent to these diseases, is instantly allayed

a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites

and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are

just what a horse needs when in bad

condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a

horse in prime condition. Price 25

For sale by J. E. Jackson, druggist.

Wanted—An Idea of some simple rotect your ideas; they may bring you wealth write John WEDBEBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1,900 prize offer sind new list of one thousand inventions wanted.

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Remarkable Results of a Maryland Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25

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100 dozen eggs wanted during the next week.

Rates \$2 per day. Meals 50c.

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Rum for Medicinal Purposes, Ales, Porters and Cordials-imported.

New Gooos Caming in Daily.

Next door to Buston & Sons,

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PEACHES WITHOUT DOWN.

Horticulturist's Experimenting.

Mr. William P. Winter, a retired car-

penter, who lives at No. 826 North Carey

street, has entered heart and soul into

the wizard business with remarkable

results. In a cozy little back yard of

Mr. Winter's home grows a peach tree

that has produced annual crops of

luscious fruit for a number of years.

Two years ago Mr. Winter grew weary

of the conventional covering of the

peaches in his limited orchard, and de-

termined at least to produce a peach

minus that objectionable nap or down.

He began a series of experiments,

and that year produced a peach clothed

in the ordinary raiment of the banana;

but, not satisfied with the result of his

startling assault on nature, he has suc-

ceeded in producing a crop, which is

just now ripe, that looks for all the

world like a tree full of apples. The

skin of the fruit is perfectly smooth

and of a dark red hue, shading grad-

ually into a yellow that Mr. Winter

claims is a remnant of the banana skin.

orange skin on them."

"Next year," said he, "I will have an

The method employed by Mr. Winter

to produce these startling results is a

profound secret, and he is preparing to

copyright the scheme. Grapevines, as

well as peach trees, tremble before the

skill of the ex-carpenter, and among

of \$26 North Carey street is a vine of

this sort that bears at this time ripe

grapes as sweet as honey and usually

large, half-ripe grapes, blossoms and

buds, which Mr. Winter expects to ripen

STATE NEWS.

The State newspaper published as an

evening paper at Richmond has suspended

will soon be lighted by electricty. The

growth and progress of Marion have been

ienuine Old Barbee,

Westmorland Rye,

Old Mt. Vernon

Old Wilson Rye

Old (

5.00 Jas. Hennessey & Co\*\*\*.....\$2.25 \$8.00

DRUGGISTS

Send for Full Price List.

VIRGINIA: In the clerk's office of

Tazewell circuit court, October 11th

Sabra E. Young, complainant,

vs. In chancery on amended bill, Valeria G. Young, W. O. Young, John Godfrey Young, the last two of whom are infants under 21 years of age, George Buston, J. G. Buston and H. L. Buston, merchants and partners in trade under the style of Buston & Sons, and H. C. Alderson, trustee, defendants.

The object of the foregoing suit is to correct the mistake in the conveyance made by A. P. Brown and wife to John S. Young, mentioned in the bill, and to se cure title for the complainant to the residue of said property in said deed unsold due of said property in said deed unsold, and conveyed by the said John S. Young in his life time, being the property in which complainant resides, situate on the north side of Main street. Tazewell, Va. And it appearing from affidavit on file in said office that Valeria G. Young, W. O. Young and John Godfrey Young are non-residents of the State of Virginia, it is ordered that they appear here within fifteen days after due publication of this order days after due publication of this order and do what is necessary to protect thair We have just received another big line of special bargains, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions. Agate Ware, Tin-ware, Hardware, etc. We offer above goods at manufactu-

gains. We can save you 25 to 50 cents in the dollar. Our H. C. Alderson, p. q. Clerk

VIRGINIA: In the clerk's office of Tazewell circuit court, Oct. 23, 1897. Produce taken at market prices in exchange for goods. Jacob Witten, complainant, )

vs.
Ida B. Witten, defendant, The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce a vinculo matrimonii from said Ida B. Witten. And it appearing from affidavit on file in said office that Ida B. Witten is a non-resident of the state of Virginia, it is JOS. CLEM, Prop. ordered that she appear here within fif-teen days after due publication of this or-der and do what is necessary to protect her interest in this suit, and that copies hereof Cafe. published and posted as prescribed by

iaw. A copy.
Teste: H. Bane Harman, Clerk.
Chapman Alderson, p.q.

LAWYERS.

Fine old wines, whiskies, gins and champagnes at rea-A J. &S. D. MAY, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Taze county and in the Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Va. Particular attention paid to the collection of Digbie's Old Velvet, qt., \$1.00, gal., \$4. | Joe Fiske Sour Mash, qt., \$1.50, gal., \$6.

BARNS & BARNS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Taze-

GHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT JI.AW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in all the court of Tazewell county and Court of Appeals a Wytheville. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

FULTON & COULLING, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practice in the courts of Tazewell county. S. M. B. Couling will continue his practice in all the courts of Buchanan county. J. H. Fulton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. Couling, Tazewell, Va. City orders delivered free. Mail orders receive prompt attention. Patronage

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GEO. W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Taze well and adjoining counties and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville, Particula: attention paid to the collection or claims. Office—tras building.

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Taze-th well, Va. Will practice in the courts of Taze-well county and the Court of Appeals at Wythe-ville. Collecting a specialty.

VINCENT L. SEXTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of fazewell and adjoining counties. Particular at-tention paid to the collection of claims. Office in stras building.

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TICKETS SOLD TO ALL POINTS OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS WISCONSIN, MISSOURI KANSAS,

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The town council of Marion has granted franchises to an electric light company and will soon be lighted by electricity. The FIRST CLASS, SF 'OND CLASS AND EMIGRAN TICKETS. -THE BEST ROUTE TO THE-NORTH AND EAST.

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